

THE
TRAGEDY

OF
HAMLET

Prince of Denmarke.

BY

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

Newly imprinted and corrected to almost as much
again as it was ordered to the first
and purged Copy.



The Tragedie of
H A M L E T
Prince of Denmarke.

Enter Bernardo, and Francisco, two Centinels.

Bar. **VV** Hise there?
Fran. Nay answer me. Stand and vafold your selfe.
Bar. Long liue the King.
Fran. Barnardo.

Bar. Hee.

Fran. You come most carefully vpon your houre,

Bar. Tis now strooke twelue, get thee to bed *Francisco*.

Fran. For this reliefe much thanks, tis bitter cold,

And I am sick at heart.

Bar. Haue you had quiet guard?

Fran. Not a Mouse stirring.

Bar. Well, good night:

If you doe meete *Horatio* and *Marcellus*,

The rituals of my watch, bid them make hast.

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

Fran. I thinke I heare them, stand ho, who is there?

Hora. Friends to this ground.

Mar. And Leegemen to the Dane,

Fran. Giue you good night.

Mar. O, farewell honest souldiers, who hath reſcud you?

Fran. *Barnardo* hath my place; giue you good night. *Exit Fran.*

B

Mar.